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SUBTITLING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #119

12:30-1:30 P.M.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: "UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTETTE: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: Well, here we go again, up to the National Forest where Ranger Jim Robbins and his Assistant, Jerry Quick are on the job protecting the forest resources for the continuous use and benefit of the people of the United States. Last week, you remember, we left Jim and Jerry on their way to Boulder Basin to inspect the sheep range there. But it seems a mysterious stranger had ridden over the trail not long before, and his actions were so suspicious that Jim and Jerry decided they'd better keep on the watch and find out what he was up to. We understand that when night came on, Jim and Jerry made camp, and when sun-up, they're already on the trail again. Here they are:

FADE IN: SOUND OF HORSES ON TRAIL - CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING

JERRY: Boy! It's sure a glorious morning!

JIM: (TERSELY) Good day for a fire.

JERRY: There yuh go, taking all the joy outa life. Can't you appreciate the beauties of nature without thinking about the forest fire danger all the time, Jim?

JIM: Gotta keep thinking about it, Jerry. Maybe if other folks would think about fire danger more often, we wouldn't have to think about it so much.

JERRY: That's true enough. There oughta be some care for carelessness, Jim.

JIM: There oughta be. If I could have a little heart-to-heart talk with each and every person that goes into the woods I bet I could make 'em see why they gotta be careful with fire and smokes and everything.

JERRY: You'd have some job, talking to a hundred and twenty million people. Nearly everybody gets into the woods some time or another.

JIM: Yep. That's right.

(PAUSE)

JIM: Whew, Dolly -- (HESSES STOP) -- Hm -- the range is pretty bad, swinged down by that little creek over there, ain't it, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, it sure is.

JIM: Looks like Wilson's outfit ain't being as careful about bedding out as they should be. -- See that Herder's wagon over there?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: I'll bet he's been bedding his mule there for a week.

JERRY: Yeah, it looks like it. They fix up those wagons pretty cozy, though, Jim. If I was a herder I bet I'd rather sleep in my own wagon, too than to sleep out in a different place every night.

JIM: Then you'd better not try to be a sheep herder on this range - The feed's pretty short in this park, Jerry. We'll have to move him right away.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Giddap, Dolly (CLUCKS) -- (HORSES START) -- We better ride along this drift fence, Jerry, and see if there's any breaks in it.

JERRY: Okay.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Jim, how about that stranger that rode up in here yesterday?

JIM: I've been thinking about that too. The fellow must've left the trail somewhere back along there. I haven't seen any signs of him passin' along here.

JERRY: Neither have I. He certainly acted funny, didn't he?

JIM: Yep. Didn't seem very much inclined to tell why he was so interested in the Bonanza Basin, but of course that's his affair, so long as it's legitimate.

JERRY: Yeah, but when he rode up this way by himself after he told you down at the Ranger Station yesterday that he wasn't going to come in here anytime soon, it looks kinda suspicious to me.

JIM: (ABRUPTLY) Whoa, Dolly

JERRY: Whoa, speak. (HORSES STOP) What's the matter?

JIM: Thought I heard a gun shot.

JERRY: I didn't hear anything.

JIM: Just the same, we're gonna back track away, and see if we can pick up this fellow's trail again. I'm thinkin' we better postpone range inspection awhile, Jerry. 'Till we find out what's going on up here, if we can -- Giddyap, Dolly.

JERRY: Giddyap, Boss.

(FADEOUT WITH SOUND OF HORSES AT TRAIL)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN: SOUND OF HORSES TALKING)

JIM: Hello, - Jerry's part of our trail party coming up ahead.

Jerry:

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: I wonder if the foreman's been any sign of that stranger again this morning. (CALLS) Hi there, Tom --

TOM: (OFF) Hello Jim -- Hi, Jerry -- morning to you --

JERRY: Morning, Tom.

JIM: Whoa, ya! (HORSES STOP) Sound of picking a POUNDING ROCK, off.

Tom: (PICKING UP) Going from Jim. We're making good progress.

JIM: Good. -- Tom, have you seen any more of that stranger with the mustache you were telling us about yesterday?

TOM: No, not listed, Jim - a little while after I saw you yesterday, another fellow come riding on the trail past us he would travel - his horse was blowin' like a steam engine.

JIM: That so?

TOM: Yeah -- He asks me if I've seen anything of a tall guy with a black mustache -- that's the other stranger that come up the trail -- see?

JIM: Yep. He was looking for the other one, eh?

TOM: Yeah. Acted like he was pretty keen on findin' 'im, too.

JIM: Hmm. How long was it after we saw you that the second fellow came along?

TOM: 'Bout an hour, I guess.

JIM: Know where he went?

TOM: He was headin' for Bonanza Basin, same as the other guy. I thought I better tell you about it, Jim. I bet those guys are up to something that ain't on the level.

JIM: May be so, Tom. Thanks old man.

TOM: Okay, Jim.

JIM: So long, Tom.

TOM: (GOING OFF) So long.

JERRY: What do you make of it, Jim?

JIM: I don't know, Jerry.

JERRY: Where do you s'pose they went?

JIM: Hard to say. There's plenty of places a fellow could hide out, up in this wild country.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Say -- seems to me that stranger with the mustache acted like he was kinda interested in that abandoned prospector's shack. I told 'im about when he stopped by the station yesterday morning.

JERRY: Yeah. I noticed he looked at the map pretty close, where you said it was.

JIM: All right. That's where we're going. Just in case -- let's go, Dolly (CLUCKS)

(FADEOUT WITH SOUND OF HORSES)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADEIN SOUND OF HORSES)

JIM: Ha. That's funny. Here's our spruce grove, but where's that cabin? -- Whoa Dolly (HORSES STOP)

JERRY: Maybe it's fallen down or something.

JIM: Might be, but there'd still be some signs of it. It's been several years since I was up in here, but I'd have sworn I could ride right up to it.

JERRY: Are you sure this is the right spruce grove? There's groves like this all over this side of the basin.

JIM: I know. It's funny how these woods fool you. If you don't get your landmarks pretty well in mind, one place looks about like the next.

JERRY: That's true enough. Well, it's a cinch there ain't any cabin in here.

JIM: I don't know about that, Jerry. Time before, I ran right into it before I realized it was there. (CLUCKS) All right, Dolly (SOUND OF HORSES AT WALK) Let's look around over yonder --

JERRY: Okay -- okay Spark --

(PAUSE) SOUND OF HORSES

JERRY: Gosh, it's sure rough going, Jim -- I've changed my pants
twice already.

JIM: Yep -- whoa gal- (HORSES STOP) Well, Jerry, I reckon we're
on the wrong track.

JERRY: Yeah, we've been all through this grove and no sign of
a cabin.

JIM: Hope makes me kinda hot, too. I'd've sworn I could ride
right up to 'er. Let's try that next patch of spruce over
across the canyon.

JERRY: Gonna ride straight across?

JIM: Yep (CLUCKS) Come on, Dolly

(HORSES START AT STUMBLING UNEVEN GALK OVER ROUGH ROCKY COUNTRY THROUGH
FOLLOWING)

JERRY: All right, Spark -- it's pretty steep, Jim.

JIM: 'TAIN'T BAD.

JERRY: It ain't! Gosh, it's the steepest place I ever tried to
ride over.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Take it easy

(HORSE STUMBLES)

JERRY: Whoa -- hold it, Spark -- steady. Gosh, Jim, we damn near
went down that time. We'd've slid clear to the bottom
if we had.

JIM: Better let your horse pick his way, pretty easy, Jerry.
This rock's mighty slippery right here.

JERRY: I'll see.

(FADES)

JERRY: Why? I'm sure glad to get by that place. I was just about ready to get off and go along on my hands and knees.

JIM: (DRUCKLES) 'Taint so bad along here now - better footing.

JERRY: Hold it, Spark -- wait a minute Jim.

JIM: Whoa, old gal. (HORSES STOP) Wanta take a bre' thin' spell, son?

JERRY: Yeah. That was pretty tough going.

JIM: Well, I guess this is as good a place to set down and rest while as any. (DISMOUNTING) Steady, Dolly. Hmm. Fella kinda good to stretch the legs.

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Hmm. I can't figure yet where I went wrong lookin' for that miner's shack.

JERRY: Say, why do you s'pose that fellow with the mustache was so interested in that old shack?

JIM: Well, I've got a sort of a hunch, Jerry. Sit down and I'll tell you a story.

JERRY: Huh?

JIM: Yep. Ever wondered why they called this the Bonanza Basin?

JERRY: Well, I never thought much about it. You run across that name so much around this country.

JIM: Well - about forty years ago, this place was buzzin' like a beehive with people looking for the Lost Bonanza.

JERRY: The Lost Bonanza?

JIM: Yes. Supposed to be a wonderfully rich gold mine. Folks quarreled and killed each other over it, Jerry, and many a man died from exposure. But nobody ever found it.

JERRY: Didn't they?

JIM: Nope. They've found a little gold in here. There's been a lot of claims staked - all abandoned now. But nobody found any rich diggings.

JERRY: Who started it all?

JIM: Well, one time an old man by the name of Smokey Joe - he must've been a little queer, from what they say - talked kind of wild and cracked - anyway, he was prospecting around these parts, and one day he rode down into Willow Glen on an old broken down mare, and it turned out he'd found some pretty good float. Of course everybody was interested and curious and old Smokey Joe got the idea somebody would take his mine away from him if he told where it was, - which they might have, at that, as he never filed a claim. Anyway, he disappeared up into the hills again, and nobody knew where he was working. Finally he came down again with his saddle bags bulging full of dust, and he rode off, and never came back, and no one ever knew what became of him. Somebody found an abandoned shack hidden away in a grove of spruce up here, and they figured it was Smokey Joe's, which is probably was. And the story about his float mine kept growing. They called it the Lost Bonanza, - and hundreds of people came up here and prospected these hills, but nobody ever found the Lost Bonanza.

JERRY: Well, how about that stranger that came up here yesterday? Do you suppose he was -

JIM: I've got a hunch he was looking for the Lost Boyhood.
 They never keeps on with him in a while.

JERRY: Well, how about the other fellow Tom told us about, that
 was trailing him?

JIM: Well, it might be that that fellow had got hold of some info
 about Snakey Joe's mind - maybe it was phoney or maybe
 it was genuine - I'd Snakey Joe might've left some record
 or map or something; whatever he finally wound up - and
 maybe the stranger with the mustache followed him.

JERRY: Oh, that sounds pretty reasonable at that.

JIM: He be so - and if that's it, there's likely to be trouble
 when the second fellow comes up with the first one, and
 I reckon we'd better find that cabin soon as we can - just
 in case -

JERRY: Yeah. I'm ready.

JIM: (PATTING HORSE) Well Dolly - ready to go again, old girl?

JERRY: Wait, Jim -- isn't that somebody's horse over there --
 see? Over on that ridge.

JIM: Yep. Looks like the saddle's empty.

JERRY: Yeah. It's a riderless horse, all right.

JIM: Yep. Come on, Jerry. We'd better locate that cabin
 pronto. All right, Dolly (HORSES START AT WALK) maybe
 we're too late.

(PAUSE SOUND OF HORSES SEVERAL SECONDS)

JERRY: Here's the edge of that patch of woods, Jim.

JIM: Yep. If I didn't know better, I'd say old Snakey must've
 slipped up in here not more than a hundred yards back from
 that cliff.

JERRY: It's sure a jumping off place, to say, isn't it?

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Whoa! Whoa! Hey, Jim, wait! Look down there!

(HORSES STOP)

JIM: Where? What is it?

JERRY: Down there! Down at the foot of the cliff! It's the body of a man, Jim!

JIM: You're right, Jerry. Hmm. Wait till I get my field glasses out.

JERRY: Look! There's two of 'em, Jim! There's another man lying partly under that bush! Jim, do you suppose they're the --

JIM: Yes. I can recognize the nearest one, now -- with the glasses. It's the stranger that stopped by the Station yesterday -- the man with the black mustache.

JERRY: The other one must've fought up with 'im, then.

JIM: Yep. Hmm. -- must've been a struggle by sight of what you said. And both of 'em fell over the cliff.

JERRY: Yes. Fell over the cliff -- you must've figured it out about right, Jim. About why they were up here -- but I guess we're too late.

JIM: Yep -- too late -- Hmm. It ain't the first broadfoot's come out of the Lord Somewhere, Jerry -- and I a'guess it ain't the last --

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCEMENT: Gold is what you find it, as the old saying is, but the lure of gold has led many a man only to tragedy and death. And up on Ranger Jim's Pine Cone District, the Lost Senneca remains lost. But there are other riches there, and on all the National Forests - vast wealth in beauty, in timber resources, and recreational opportunities which Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers are managing and protecting for the public good.

Next Friday at this time Ranger Jim and Jerry will be with us again. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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